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Zaarcluz

CAN'T BURY A TAIL (A LANGUISHED POEM)

Juan thought, "Ah, Prilwið is sure astute!
They'd rot—overmashed half pears!" Ed toothed a root.
And by the deaf ravine, with chilly Coors
Jove (overtured in gin) dreads the floor.
Juan suffers ache—witheres sweat, a breadth
in spur, Ed awes the nervy colt, and knees
the tender crupper. And the younger son—
How thin the ramus!—of course he's run
on the small foal making a mile a day;
They schlep an awl; they're nicked.

With Old Binet

(sobriquet mature) in Merc or Dodge
Thin, long and faux kudos spill on grim Hodge.
Embalmers force tusche 'gainst Round Jed's rhombus
Toe; ferny hallways cool th'incendiary laundress.
In specie aliform, a very sheer Zenda,
Having a lawn, took on to bury the ewe and all
The whole abyss full mars the turf.

Oar to seiche,

"The thermal tholepin—" Juan thought, "the worse ache."